



A TIP TO JOHN BULL.

Send Your Militant Suffragettes to Saint Helena.



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Cartoons and Comments

MORGAN'S MONUMENT.

THE death of J. PIERPONT MORGAN gave instant rise to the query: Who will succeed him? For money kings have their successors the same as other royalty. Who will step into his place as the acknowledged leader of American finance? To whom will Wall Street next bow allegiance? To whom will it look for support in time of stress? Of whom will it next be afraid, as it undoubtedly was of Morgan; afraid, that is, of his wrath and his power to discipline? These questions are asked and there are all sorts of answers, but his successor will be found. He will develop. Circumstances, perhaps a financial crisis, will create him. Unlike the Czar of Russia, the Czars of Wall Street have not yet the power to designate who shall succeed them in control. In fact, we believe that a successor to Mr. MORGAN in finance will be found much sooner than a successor to him in the world of art. It will be a long time before any other man of his interests in the purely material world of Big Business spends as much money as Mr. MORGAN did in securing for the United States treasures of art from all parts of the world. There was nothing selfish in his purchases; he had no desire to shut them up and gloat over them. What he bought enriched the country and every art lover in it. Europe appreciated this; MORGAN's name in connection with a previously priceless painting or piece of sculpture was a synonym for the United States of America. While he lived MORGAN's personality as an organizer and a financier overshadowed his personality as a patron of art, but now that he is dead and his work in finance

is carried on by other hands, his achievements and his service to art will stand out as never before. They will be as a monument to him when Wall Street has other kings and the world of finance other gods.

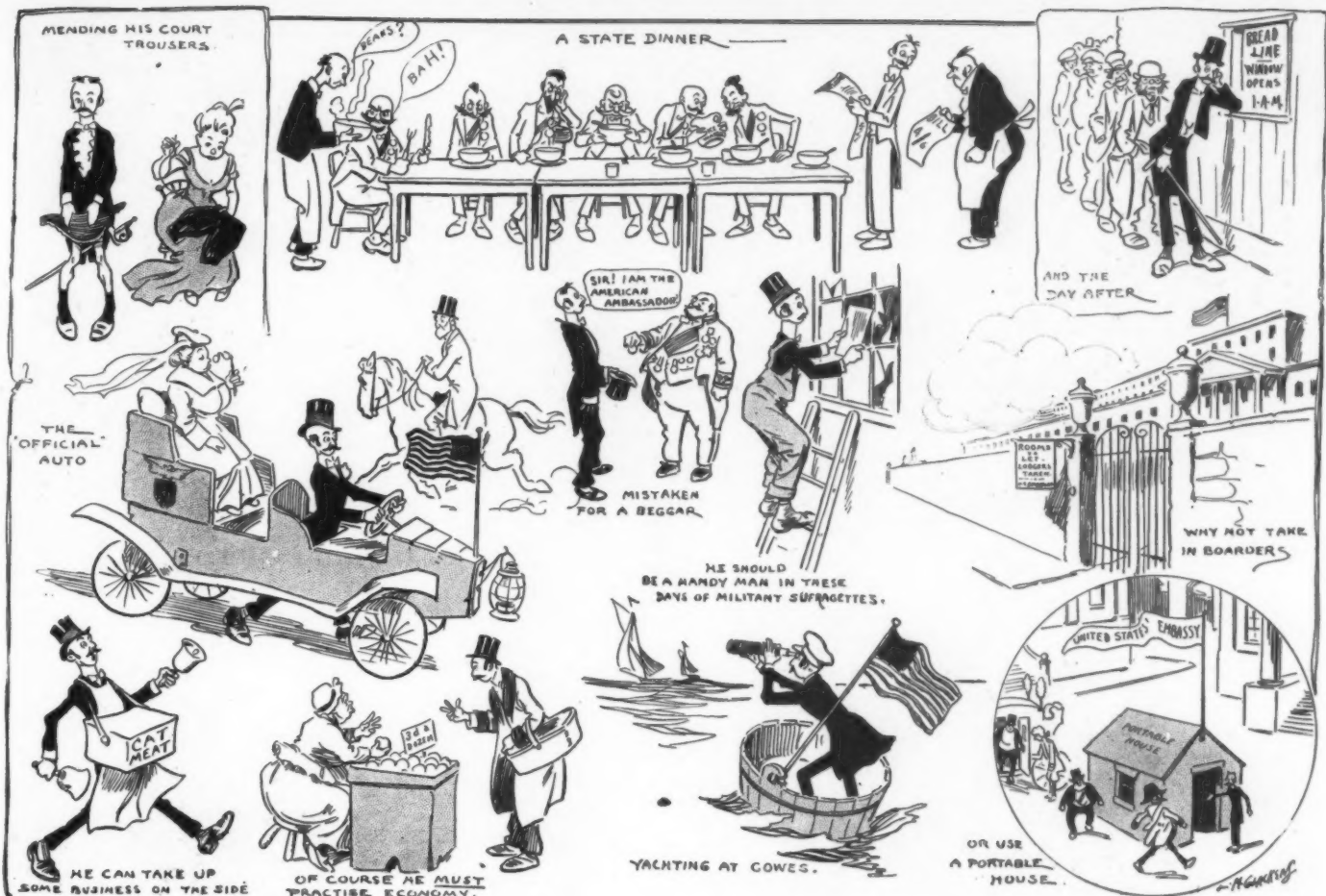
THE floods in the Middle West are not going to simplify the Government's railway problem. With equipment destroyed, roadbeds washed away, and bridges gone beyond recall, railroad officials will not take kindly to a suggestion that freight rates be still further reduced. As to "physical valuation," very

little of that is left in some portions of Ohio and Indiana; nothing much, in fact, save the franchises. Much of the millions of damage wrought was suffered by the railways, and in replacing what is gone and in repairing what remains the companies will have to spend tremendous sums of money. The work will afford a fine opportunity for those who wish to study "physical valuation." They will learn just what the term means as applied to railroad construction and maintenance. Large appropriations are to be made by the Federal Government to acquire accurate statistics of this phase of railroading as a basis for intelligent future legislation. In the flooded States an object-lesson in the cost of preparing and equipping a railroad right-of-way will shortly be given. It will be a lesson in "physical valuation" from the ground up.



"PHYSICAL VALUATION."

In a country where most things are measured by the dollar-mark, there was startling novelty in the message: "Don't send us money. Money is of no use to us." That message, sent from Dayton and other points in the flooded district, gave newspaper readers a vivid notion of the recent conditions in Ohio and Indiana. The man of millions was no better off than the beggar of the streets, for money had lost its purchasing power. The call for help was a call for rescue, for food and drink, for clothing and for shelter. Perhaps it is well that once in a while the American people have a chance to relieve distress in ways more direct than by merely sending money. It makes something more than a platitude of the saying that "All men are brothers."



ADVENTURES OF AN AMBASSADOR.

SUPPOSING THAT OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT LONDON, PARIS, OR BERLIN TRIED TO LIVE ON HIS SALARY.

'T WAS EVER THUS.



PLANTED me a lovely garden there
Out by the road, beneath the open sky;
I thought 't will cheer some weary passer-by,
Its fragrance make some soul forget his care,
And so no deal of labor did I spare.
My little plants waxed strong and wondrous high;
Each morn Aurora dewed them lest they die,
Each eve the Zephyrs fanned them with their hair.

One day, when all my garden was mature,
I called a dear old friend of mine to see;
Within my garden rows he walked with me,
And while I waited, in my pride secure,
He gazed around, then said in solemn tone:
"You otter see the way things grow back home!"

Ralph Bacon.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY.

"Who's that impressive-looking woman over yonder?"
"That's Mrs. Peckum. She's a remarkably strong-minded woman, and they do say that she commands a very large salary."

"How does she earn it?"
"She doesn't earn it. Her husband earns it and so she commands it."

MILITANCY.

WOMEN, it appeared, were ready to fight at the drop of a hat.
The hat had been \$27.00. The drop was to \$26.98.
So that the fighting was fast and furious all along the line,
with no quarter shown to friend or foe, especially between the hours of
two and five in the afternoon.

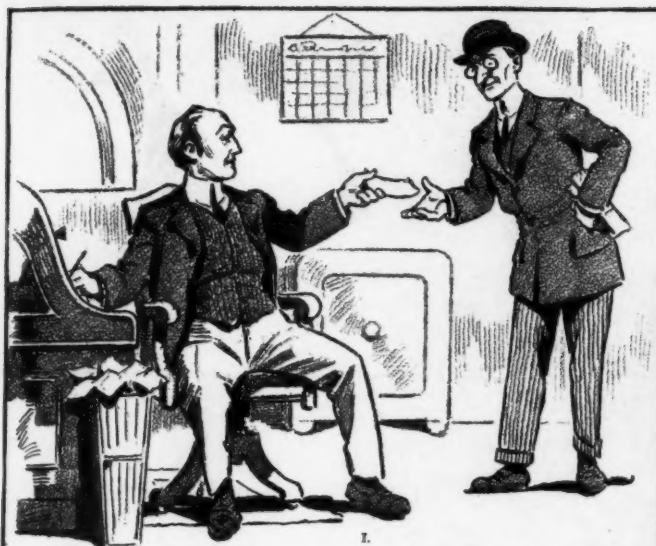
THE probability is that men were just as big fools before there
was any such thing as underwear of different weights.



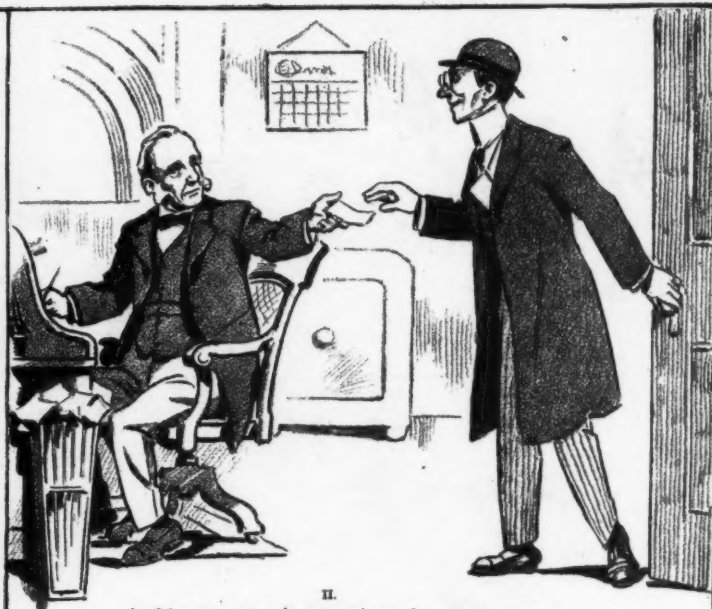
HE WAS JUST THINKING.

"Pop, did you look like me when you were a boy?"
"Yes, Willie; why do you ask?"
"Oh, nothing."

A chauffeur might be defined as a man who manages an automobile, but the
definition would not invariably be correct.



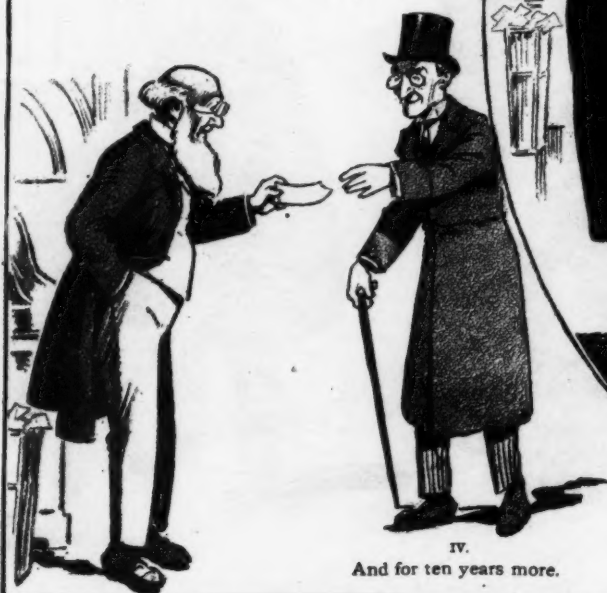
I.
Mr. Anycit, prudent young business man, takes out \$20,000 worth of liability insurance.



II.
And keeps on paying premiums for twenty years.



III.
And for ten years more.



IV.
And for ten years more.

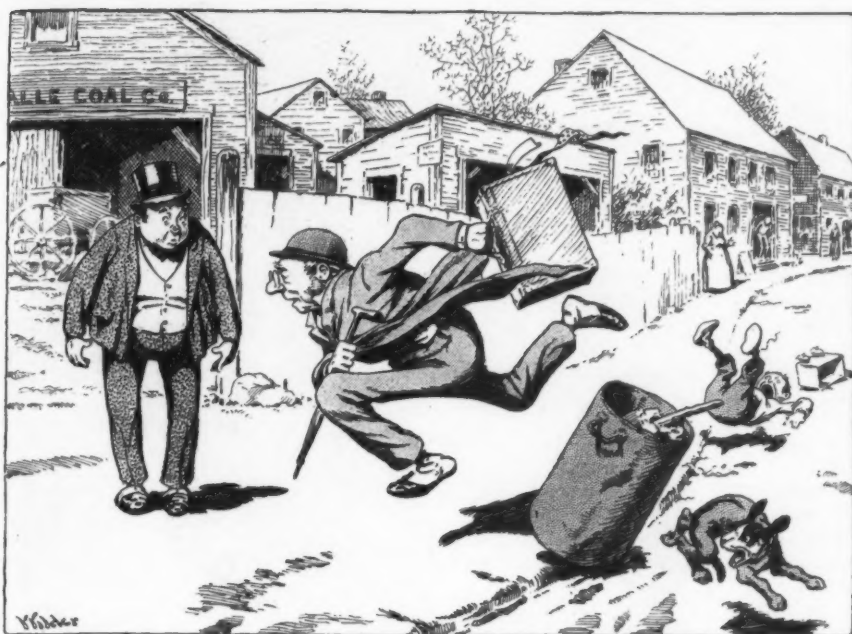


V.
MR. ANYCIT.—What's this? The Company won't insure me any more! Why, they've been taking my money for forty-five years!
AGENT.—I know, but you had an accident in your building last month and our company was stung for over a thousand dollars.

LIABILITY INSURANCE IS A GREAT LITTLE PASTIME.

EVERY man has the right to his own opinion, but comparatively few of them have any more than the right.

THE poor being always with us, it is fortunate that they are so much more tolerable than some of the rich.



GOING, GOING —

THE VILLAGE COALMAN.—Hello, there! What's the rush, Squire? Where you goin'?

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.—New Haven. I'm a Yale grad. and I want to get a last chance to sit on the old fence before Taft gets there.

THE OLD PHOTO-PLAY ACTOR.

WHEN the scene is the fairest and brightest,
And the actors on pleasure are bent;
When your heart, in accord, is its lightest,
Or thrilled by some subtle intent,
Comes the picture that quickens the story,
The figure that turns gold to gray;
And you bask in this hero's dim glory—
The Pathetic Old Man in the Play.

Sometimes a bleak snow-storm is beating,
Or a woodland is set in weird gloom;
Or, from where kindly neighbors are meeting,
You drift to a lone attic room.
Whatever his strength or his weakness,
He must bow while the cruel Fates flay;
And you wonder and weep at his meekness—
The Pathetic Old Man in the Play.

Spare his form, with a stoop at the shoulder;
Sparse the white locks that crown his pale brow;
But his fine eyes grow keener and bolder
As he aims his last blow—Steady—Now!
Oh, you knew he would come out victorious;
"God bless the old duffer!" you say.
"And was n't his martyrdom glorious?"
The Pathetic Old Man in the Play.

But I hope in real life "the old duffer"
Has a home where he lives at his ease;
Where he never is called on to suffer,
To starve, tremble, wander, or freeze;
Where he never need beg, pawn, nor borrow,
Where the wolf may be whistled away.
And the "Movies" absorb all his sorrow—
The Pathetic Old Man in the Play!

Ella Randall Pearce.

EXPENSIVE VARIETY.

MADGE.—I always thought you did n't like being tanned?

MARJORIE.—It's all right at this time of year. It shows that you spent the winter at a Southern resort.

JUST FOR A MOMENT.

"NUMBER Fifteen!" The jovial, sleek-looking man dropped the newspaper he had been glancing over and hastened to the red-plush chair. "Shave and haircut," he requested, lightly.

"Why, you don't need a shave!" protested the barber, running his deft fingers over the patron's jowl. "You shaved just this morning, didn't you?"

"Yes, but——"

"No need of shaving it again, then," decreed the tonsorial artist. "Shaving too often irritates the skin, and there's no sense in it. You don't need a hair-cut, either. I'll trim it up a bit, though."

"But I want a shave," insisted the patron. "It may be just a fancy——"

"Well, if you insist," sighed the barber, resignedly. "Not till after I've trimmed your hair, though. Maybe by that time you'll have changed your mind about it. I won't bother you by asking how you want your hair cut. I have n't attended you fourteen years for nothing."

For ten minutes he clipped away in silence.

"Throat sore?" asked the patron, finally.

"No, but I like to give my entire attention to the work in hand, which is an impossibility when I keep up a continuous round of patter," replied the barber.

"I see," said the patron, deeply touched. "Say, you might shampoo my hair, if you will."

The tonsorial artist scowled. "Does n't need it in the least," he protested. "Your head is n't a bit dirty, and washing the scalp too often causes the hair to drop out. I don't recommend the use of these dandruff cures and other so-called remedies, either. You've got a good, healthy crop of hair. I say let well enough alone."

"Very well, then," conceded the patron. "I would like a shave though—honest I would."

"You still think you do?" the tonsorial artist demanded, frowning his disapproval.

The man in the chair nodded emphatically. With a shrug of his shoulders the barber began stropping his razor.

"Massage," requested the customer as the man at his side washed away the lather for the second time.

Arms akimbo, the knight of the shears confronted his victim. "That's where I draw the line!" he stated belligerently. "I'll shampoo hair that's as smooth as silk, and I'll shave a face that's as clear of stubble as a year-old baby's, but I'll lose your trade before I'll massage that tortured face of yours. Massage! The fresh air is all anyone needs to bring the glow to the cheeks and drive the wrinkles away."

The patron sighed. "I'll compromise with you," he suggested. "Trim my mustache and I'll go without the massage."

"I'll go you just to prove that I'm game," agreed the barber, "but I'm robbing you when I take your good money for it."

"Next gentleman! Next gent——"

The colored porter shook the shoulder of the jovial, sleek-looking gentleman who had dropped the newspaper he had been glancing over. "Ain't your number sixteen?" he asked grinning.

The patron glanced sleepily at the card in his hand and nodded.

"Your turn, then," explained the porter. The jovial gentleman rubbed his eyes and staggered drowsily toward the red-plush chair.

"Cut and shave?" asked the barber. "Say, great work Matty done at the game yesterday, was n't it? Some thinks that the Cubs will make it, and again there's some that is for the——My, but your scalp's dirty! Shampoo?"

The patron grinned delightedly and nodded. This was the real thing.

Donald A. Kahn.

IT is surprising how great a sorrow may be drowned in the ordinary two-quart stomach.



ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR USES.

Prof. Boozehater, renowned temperance advocate, secures a post-impression painting to illustrate the effect of alcohol on the lining of the stomach.

If it be true, as has been claimed, that Oratory is dead, then there can be no doubt that it was talked to death.

Little Adventures in Business.

SAYING THE RIGHT THING.



TWENTY years ago I was penniless. Now, although I am not yet thirty-one, I have two million dollars in one bank and am president of another. How did I do it? Listen.

I have succeeded in my business, which is that of bank president, simply because I went into that business. I am sure that my method would have caused me to succeed equally in any other business that I went into. I am quite as sure that I never would have succeeded in my present business if I had never gone into it.

The secret of my success is very simple. It is merely this: Say the right thing. Any average boy or young man can duplicate my prosperity if they sufficiently profit by the lessons which I have learned. For that reason I write them here.

My first lesson came when I was eight. It was the example of my poor father. He was traveling through Mexico with a load of egg-crates filled with rifles, and met an armed body of men. They stopped him and asked him if he was for Diaz or against him. He thought a long time. Then, as they pressed him, he said he was for Diaz. So they shot him. If he had known the right thing to say he would be alive to-day. Maybe.

My next lesson came when I was ten. I was then flower-boy for a shop. It was a flower shop. I delivered flowers. Perhaps I was not an angel child of a flower-boy. Yet one thing could have been said in my favor,—I knew that questions could be given more answers than one. I didn't want to be a flower-boy. I wanted to marry one of the beautiful ladies to whom I delivered flowers. Any one, if she was rich enough.

One day there were some faded roses in a vase. My employer said to me: "Robert, throw out those roses!" He always called me Robert. You can call me Griggs, if you wish. That is n't my real name. I'm not giving my real name—not here, at least. My employer's name was long—call him Buck.

I took those faded roses. But I did n't throw them away. They were my opportunity—an opportunity that really lay very close to my original plans. Things often happen just that way. Most opportunities, I think, are in disguise. This was one of the ones that are in disguise.

I went out into the street with the faded roses in my hand. They were n't so very faded.

Down the street came a beautiful lady. She was n't so very beautiful. But she was dressed up like a horse. She was beautifully dressed. I knew her parents must be very rich. I went up to her and handed her the roses.

"Oh," she said, "I don't want to buy any roses. And they are faded." I knew what was the right thing to say. I said it.

"They are not faded," said I, "and I am not selling them. I am giving them to you because you are so beautiful."



JUST LIKE MAMMA.

Just to illustrate how saying the right thing works, she seemed pleased. She asked me if there was anything she could do for me.

This gave me another opportunity. "I want to work for you," I said. "How much can you earn?" was the next question.

I had been getting three dollars a week. But I screwed up my nerve, and my ability to say the right thing got me into a better job.

"I can earn four dollars a week," I said, with the greatest confidence.

THE MYSTERIOUS PAIN THAT BILL HAD.



When Gladys Mae expected Bill. She rouged and painted fit to kill.



We here see Bill enjoying sips Of joy and bliss from those same lips.



At midnight, going down the lane,
Bill gets—Oh, Gee!—an awful pain.



"What! Painter's colic?" gasped his Ma;
"Why, Bill's a broker, like his Pa!"

Nerve is almost indispensable in business. Always remember that. She was the daughter of the Blank Bank's president. Call her Miss Blank. In three days I was errand-boy for the Blank Bank, and pulling down a pay-envelope each week with four dollars in it.

When I was eighteen I was head errand-boy for the Blank Bank and getting ten dollars a week. I sometimes think the former head errand-boy considered I had undermined him and gotten his job. This is not so. He left his job because he had a better one offered to him. Call him Dobbs.

Then I went after the job of Assistant Bookkeeper. I was great friends with Miss Blank at this time. I got the job by saying the right thing. The Assistant Bookkeeper accused me bitterly after I had his job. The world is full of men who neglect their opportunities for saying the right thing, and then blame the men who get to the front. Call him Jones. After I had learned bookkeeping I took the job of the Head Bookkeeper. Call him Smith.

I had a dress-suit now, and was studying table-manners on the side. My motto was always to fit yourself for the position higher up, no matter how much you have to work overtime. Miss Blank was an only daughter.

I wanted the position of cashier. So I went in for society. My predecessor, Mr. Smith, would have gone about it differently. He would have tried every method of showing his competency for the position. He would have tried to make himself solid with the bank president. Call him President Blank. I got there by saying the right things to his daughter.

I learned to dance and walk across a ball-room floor as if I thought nobody was looking at me. Or rather as if I thought everybody was looking at me and I didn't care. I took pains with my hands and wore tight gloves. I pinched my feet with pumps. I got a dressmaker's model and practised slipping my arm around it easily as if I meant it. Call it Dolly. I devoured whole books on small talk. I left no stone unturned that might lead to success. And I succeeded.

I say I succeeded where Smith had failed. Smith was bound by conservative methods. Smith's devotion to convention made him as easy to roll from my path as a hoop-skirt. Convention is the curse of progress.

There were three cashiers at the bank—a head, an assistant, and a second assistant. Call them any names you please.

I became second assistant at a ball where I declared Miss Blank was the most divine person I had ever seen. The position of first assistant was mine after an evening when I slipped my arm around Miss Blank, as I had so often done around Dolly, and held her hand for three-quarters of an hour. I became head cashier after I had kissed Miss Blank several times after the most approved method, as described by Mr. Chambers. The rest was simple. I became vice-president on the day that I led the almost-blushing Miss Blank to the altar, and she became Mrs. Griggs.

A few months ago we convinced my father-in-law that he was too old to attend to the duties of president of the Blank Bank, and he abdicated in my favor. Which, as I look back on my career of endeavor, was extremely gratifying.

Now I want it to be plain that I am not claiming any extraordinary personal ability for my success. I possess no qualities that are above the average. What I have done any man can do.

If these lessons can show someone the road to prosperity I will be satisfied. In these days, when young men in every corner of the earth are seeking to make their fortunes, perhaps my history will be worth pondering.

But remember that, no matter how hard you try, you can't get a living out of this world without working, at least at the start. Mrs. Griggs is considerably older than I, and, as I mentioned before, not beautiful. Sometimes I wonder if I am not working too hard for my money.

Jay Brant.



THE OTHER FELLOW'S FLOWERS.

"I'll give you two dollars for those roses, boy! Talk quick before they answer the bell!"

In the Millennium every woman will be able to get a perfectly satisfactory Spring hat at a price satisfactory to her husband.



THE PUNCH PRESS

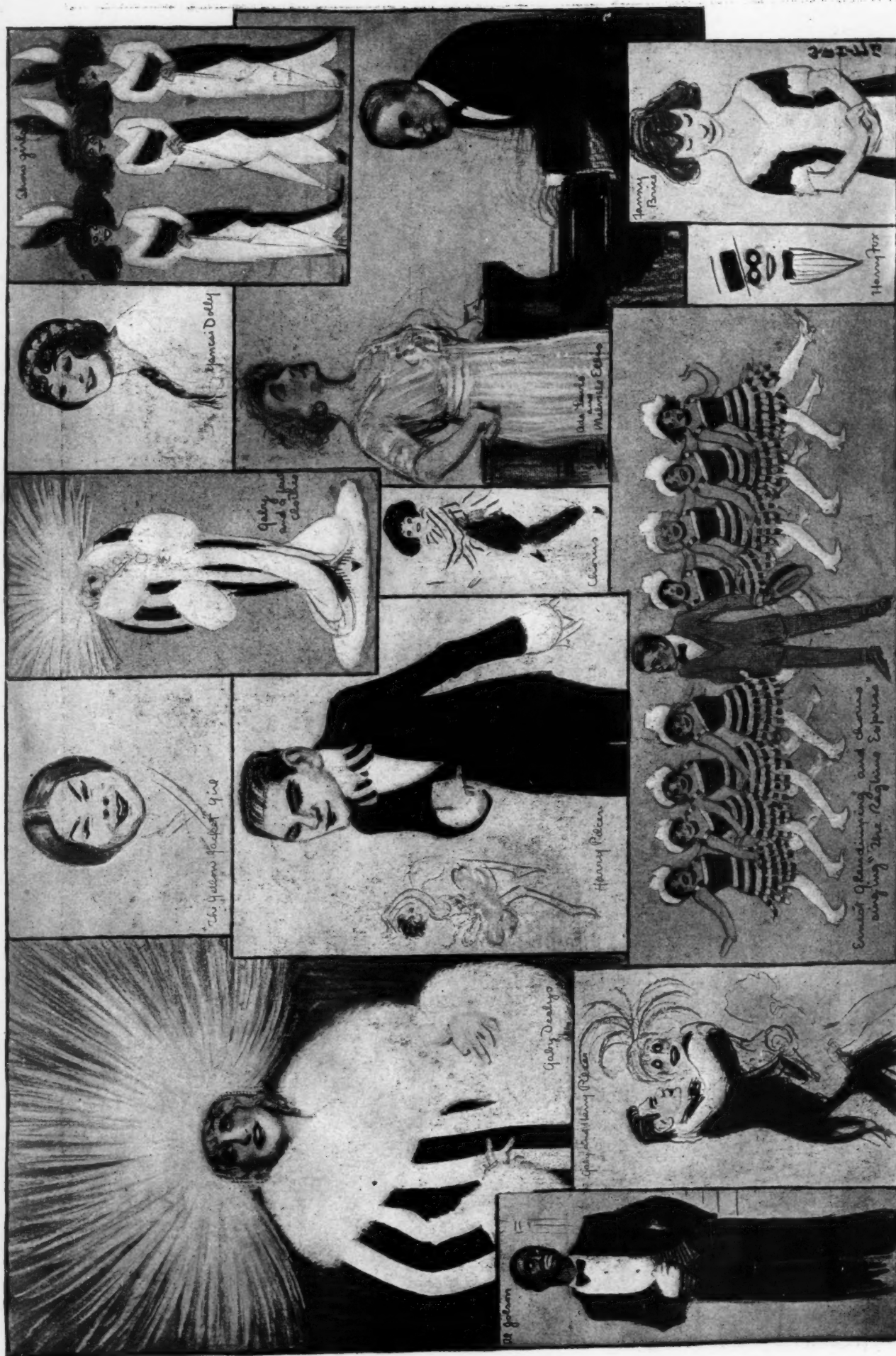
ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

THE GENIE.—What are my lord's commands?
ALADDIN.—Reduce the cost of living!

PUCK



HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.

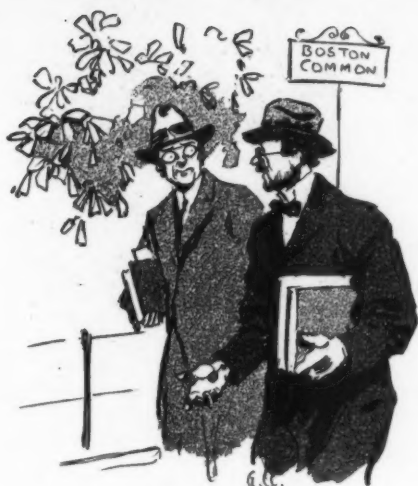


"The Boneymoon Express."

The present Winter Garden show is the best thing of its kind on view this season. The race between the motor-car and the express-train is so well done that the railway scene in "The Whip" seems a bit crude by comparison. Gaby, whose motto in life seems to be "When in doubt, change your costume," has improved considerably since she first appeared at the Garden. Al Jolson, Ada Lewis, Yvonne Dolly, and Harry Fox need no further recommendation. They make a capital set of entertainers. Ernest Glendinning seems rather at sea in a musical production. The music by Jean Schwartz is tuneful, and the staging is Ned Wayburn at his best. How many in the audience know what the plot is about? asks Al Jolson during an encore of one of his songs. This is how we get

it: *Henri Duboué* and his wife, *Yvonne* love each other devotedly—so much so, in fact, that they decide to divorce. *Henri* is to wed *Marguerite*, and *Yvonne* is engaged to *Maurice*, for *Maurice* and *Marguerite* are very much in love with one another. *Yvonne* is being pursued by *Baudry*, her lawyer, for, as *Mme. De Bressie* explains it, though no longer a young girl, *Yvonne* is just as attractive; for the average man "there is nothing like dealing with an old-established firm." The scene is laid in the tennis court at *Henri's* villa, which gives *Yvonne* a chance to wear six or eight classy ball-gowns during the morning. *Henri* invites everybody except *Yvonne*, her lawyer, her mother, and *Gus*, the butler, to go to Paris

on the "Bag-time Express," and the fifty chorus-girls see them off at the station. *Yvonne* and her party decide to race the *Boneymoon Express* in a motor, or else the inside title-page of the Winter Garden souvenir will lose all significance in the scheme of things. After the cast reached Paris the plot became rather hazy in our minds, for *Yvonne* tried on a blue kimono with a black cat across the back, and it naturally diverted our attention. Anyway, the plot ended happily at the Paris Opera, where *Baudry*, the lawyer, in a cute little costume of tulle and rope and rhinestones, with the back cut like Mary Garden's "Thais" pictures, slid down the staircase in the "Dance Bacchanale," and the curtain fell with *Yvonne* and *Gus* doing the Gaby Glide. W. E. Hill.



PROVEN.

BEACON STREET.—There are a number of strangers in Boston just now.

BUNKER HILL.—How can you tell?

BEACON STREET.—Well, to-day in the cars I overheard a number of people speaking ungrammatically.

REMARKS ON THAIS.

FROM observation it seems that box-office receipts bear a direct ratio to the way in which their artistic productions butcher the Ten Commandments and colorize the oculars of Dame Virtue. Still, it is n't on record that this race of ours was ever meant to be a model of purity. When Satan created sin, he introduced a commodity that sells on sight, and no evangelical society will ever have to spread samples. These few grains of philosophy in capsule form will serve to introduce Miss Thais.

Thais was a Grecian and was born twenty-four carats bad, but we should n't blame her too much. She lived in a time when the Gods and Goddesses put on stunts that would make our wickedest efforts look like village church concert numbers, so it is no wonder Thais turned out bad. I always said she would. When she was twelve years old she discovered that she had a face prettier than a Gibson girl, and a form that would make a department-store model look like thirty cents. She decided forthwith to make the most use of both, and she did. She began practising on the town boys, and when she got them all to breaking the speed-limit she decided to go forth to more fertile fields.

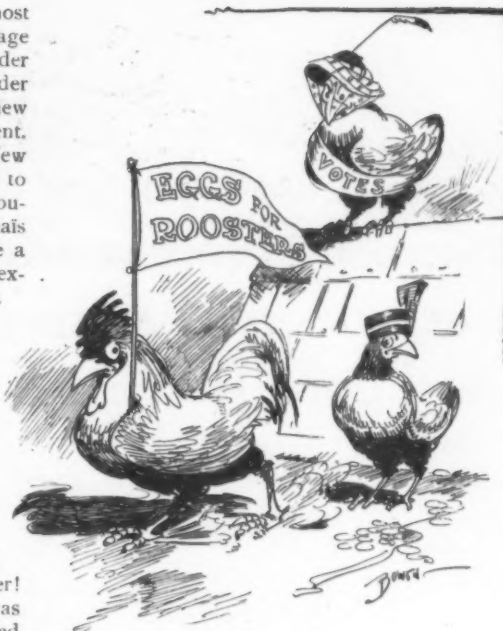
It was along about this time that a ginkiblast named Alexander the Great developed paranoia and wanted to whip the world. He made a pretty fair start around his own immediate neighborhood, and after giving all kings thereabouts chronic cases of St. Vitus's Dance he decided to carminize the map of

Asia. Thais heard of him, he being the most famous gent just then, and she made a pilgrimage to his tent at midnight. She chucked Aleck under the chin and called him "baby doll." Aleck tumbled like Humpty Dumpty, and Thais knew that her pork-chop exchequer was some solvent.

By-and-by, when some historian throws a few side-lights on men and things as they used to be, the sale of histories will make our thousandth edition novels look like pikers. Thais was so busy she did n't have time to write a diary of her trip through Asia with Mr. Alexander, but one of her contemporaries passed a few remarks thereon. One of the most unkind things she did was to make Aleck burn the city of Persepolis. It seems that when she hit that burg the leading newspaper was carrying on a beauty contest. Thais demanded the prize, but the newspaper could n't see the why of the wherefore. Thais was muchly peeved and proceeded immediately to furnish more evidence against the arson trust.

Then that yarn about Alexander sitting on a stone and weeping for more worlds to conquer! The truth of that tale is thusly: Thais was found flirting with an officer and Aleck called her down. This made the lady's temper jump up to the 212° mark, and going to the commissary cart she borrowed some pepper. Returning, she promptly threw it into Aleck's eyes and told him it would teach his orbs not to see everything. He sat down rather hurriedly and tried to extirpate the pepper, and just then the court chronicler passed by, and seeing the weeps misinterpreted the cause thereof.

And the close of that love affair! Books say that Alexander drank too much champagne, but they fail in particulars. Thais bet Aleck that she could put more of the giddy liquid



TURN ABOUT.

SUFFRAGETTE HEN.—Well, of all the nerve!

under her belt than he could under his, and he was just jackass enough to take her up. Aleck lost the wager and Thais lost Aleck, because when the bet was decided Alexander was on the Golden Streets discoursing upon the high cost of living with Moses and the other patriarchs.

And Thais? Well, she had become rather used to kings as sweethearts, and Ptolemy Lagus, king of Egypt, being the nearest at hand, she made goo-goo eyes at him and won hands down. But she kept up her flirting until one day she discovered she was getting fat. She tried all the anti-fat remedies on the market, and put herself through all the physical torture which she or anyone else could devise, but alas! she gained weight every day. Then she bade farewell to the limelight and tried to make herself a good wife for the Lagus gent. That was all she was good for then.

Geo. W. Parker.

DISAPPOINTED.

HUNGRY HARRY (in front of moving-picture studio).—How did you like posin' for the movies?

THIRSTY THORNTON (disgustedly).—Actin' in movies ain't all it looks to be. They put me in a bar-room scene, an' the beer was nuthin' but sas'parilla, an' the whisky was only cold tea!

EXPERT CRITICISM.

HIS MOTHER (at church moving-picture and religious lecture entertainment).—Are you enjoying it, Willie?

WILLIE.—The pictures are all right, but I don't think much of the vaudeville act the minister is getting off.



DOGS IN THE MANGER.

A man who describes himself as being in the springtime of life very often gives others that tired feeling.



White sheep give more wool than black sheep—there are more of them

REMINGTON stenographers do more of the world's work than other stenographers—there are more of them.

Nature only knows why there are more white sheep than black.

All the world knows why there are more Remington operators than others.

REMINGTON is the machine in which the most operators have confidence—and the machine which gives them the confidence to make good.

REMINGTON is the machine in which the majority of good business schools have confidence—the confidence to turn out competent, efficient operators—the thing on which the very life of these schools depends.

REMINGTON is the machine in which business men and business houses have confidence—because the big majority of good stenographers are Remington trained and “go to work the first day without breaking in.”

12,500,000 Remington letters mailed in the United States every business day in the year.

Isn't that the answer to the question, “which machine?” for your office?

Throughout the world Remington is a synonym for typewriter efficiency. It is the voice of the business world.

Remington

Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

QUICK LEARNERS.

MR. YOUNG.—My little girl is nearly two years old, and hasn't learned to talk yet.

MR. PECK.—Don't let that worry you. My wife says she didn't learn to talk until she was nearly three, and now—

But Mr. Peck's voice at this point was choked with sobs.—*Stray Stories*.

THE new cook came out and did very well her first afternoon at Lonely ville. After dinner she approached the head of the house.

“How early shall I get up in the morning?” she inquired.

“Well,” said Mr. Subbubs, “the first train for the city leaves at 6.35. You'll have to get up as early as six o'clock if you want to make that.”—*Washington Herald*.

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has cured half a million in the past thirty-three years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

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NURSE.—Come, Doris. It is time for you and Dolly to go to bed.

DORIS.—What's the use? Dolly's so tired she can't sleep, and I've got a touch of insomnia.—*Punch*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps.
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

KNEW WHAT TO DO.

A trolley-car had butted into a pedestrian, who was knocked prone. Others who were passing, thinking the accident might be serious, rushed to the assistance of the fallen man.

“Are you much hurt?” asked a well-intentioned individual who helped the victim to his feet. “Shall I get a doctor for you?”

“Doctor nothing!” replied the other. “Guess you don't know much about trolley accidents. Get me a lawyer.”—*Exchange*.

THE DEVIL!

A north-of-Ireland gentleman heard from the lips of a clergyman of the death of an inveterate enemy of his who had harassed him for many years.

“Well,” he said, “it's a comfort to think that the devil's got that fellow at last.”

The clergyman, being a clergyman, felt bound to protest against this uncharitable view of the dead man's condition. He insinuated a hope that, in spite of all that had passed, the poor man might have escaped the extreme penalty.

“Well,” said the other, “if the devil hasn't got that fellow, all I can say is that I don't see much use in our keeping a devil at all.”—*The Lighter Side of Irish Life*.

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TIME, THREE A.M.—ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

By Angus MacDonall.
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FOOLING PAPA.

"You know, dear," said the young man nervously to the pretty girl, "I'm really frightened about speaking to your father, he's so awful sure of himself, you know."

"Is that all that's causing the delay?" inquired the modern miss, dryly. "If that's so, just leave it to me. I'll manage father."

Accordingly next morning she approached paterfamilias as he potted plants to the accompaniment of a choice Havana and carpet slippers.

"Papa," she gurgled, with feigned mirth, as she took his arm, "what do you think? That young fool Perkins has proposed to me! Just fancy! Of course I refused him!" And the lady doubled up in incoherent joy.

But papa shook himself free and tugged with the fury of a baited bull as he stormed:

"What! Refused young Perkins—that estimable young man? Why I'm ashamed of you! You modern girls never know when you're lucky! You'll make it up with him at once—at once, I say—and don't let me have any nonsense!"

And papa never knew the reason for the peals of laughter which issued from the drawing-room that evening when Edwin Perkins ecstatically greeted the dainty Clara.—*Answers.*

Imperial
Gold Label
Beer

Bottled only by the Brewers
Beadleston & Woerz,
NEW YORK



PASSENGER (feeling queer).—For Heaven's sake, man, don't keep messing about with that pail! You need n't tempt a fellow!—*London Opinion.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A MODERN VERSION.

Returning from an Eastern trip one day recently, a local man was recounting his experience for the edification of other members of his household.

"While in Baltimore," he said, "I tried to find some of father's relations, but I was unable to locate them. Odd, too, because they have an uncommon name."

"What is the name?" inquired Robert, aged nine.

"Hack," replied the parent. "It's an old German name."

"Are they up-to-date people?" asked the boy.

"Up-to-date? Of course they are, so far as I know; why do you ask that?"

"Oh," replied the youngster, with a grin, "I thought they might have changed their names to Taxicab."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

WHY HE WEPT.

He was a hardened-looking ruffian, says *Answers*, and, in the opinion of the spectators in the court, he didn't stand much of a chance. His counsel, his voice husky with emotion, was addressing the jury.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my client is a very poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take this small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy food for his little ones. Evidence of this lies in the fact that he did not take a pocketbook containing £50 in notes that was lying about the room."

The counsel paused for a moment to make his appeal more dramatic, but the silence that ensued was interrupted by the sobs of the prisoner.

"Why do you weep?" asked the judge.

"Because I didn't see the pocketbook there!" replied the prisoner in heart-broken accents.

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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED NO AMATEURS.

Edith and Flora were spending their summer vacations in the country.

"Do you know," said Edith, "that young farmer tried to kiss me. He told me that he had never kissed any girl before."

"What did you tell him?" asked Flora.

"Why," replied Edith, "I told him I was no agricultural experiment station."—*Harper's Bazar.*

STARTING THE DISPUTE.

"I'm afraid I'll disagree with you," remarked Jonah as the whale swallowed him.

"Perhaps," replied the whale; "but it won't be a circumstance to the way the theologians will disagree when they come to discuss this incident."—*Railway Engineering.*

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Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

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THE TYRO.

In the motor, oh, my darling,
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I dashed away and left you
Lonely 'neath a wayside tree!
I was mixed on the instructions—
Could n't stop the thing, you see.
It were best to take the Subway—
Best for you, and best for me!
—Lippincott's.

CURING CRIMINALS.

"Do you think criminal tendencies can be overcome by surgical operation?"

"I am certain of it."

"You think that a pickpocket, for instance, can be cured of the desire to pick pockets by an operation on the brain?"

"No, not on his brain. Amputate his hands."—*Houston Post.*

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from business and open the fishing season. By taking along a supply of

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you will enjoy every minute of the sport. Adds a completeness all its own.

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Ask any good doctor what he thinks of the judicious use of pure, old whiskey, and he will tell you that it is the best sort of a tonic and invigorator. But you must choose the right kind with care—a poor whiskey will do more harm than a good whiskey can do good. When you buy

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TWO POINTS OF VIEW.



I.
"Prison! There at least we are sure not to die of hunger!"



II.
"Prison! There at least we can die of hunger!"
—*Le Rive.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

MRS. F— has three treasures in her home. One of these treasures is a new servant-girl who is exactly like a broom. You get us? The other two are statuettes—lovely plaster reproductions of the Venus de Milo and the Apollo Belvedere.

Enter the new servant with a new broom. Starts in to live up to proverbial wisdom by making a clean sweep. Down goes a statuette with a smash. The servant goes out to confess. "Plaze, mum," she says, tearfully, "I've bruk a statoo."

"Oh, dear! The Venus?"

"No, mum. 'T was Mither Venus I bruk. His wife was busted before I came."—*Plain Dealer.*

"WHAT'S doing?" asked the tall plumber. "You're all dolled up."

"Had a date with my best girl," explained the short bricklayer.

"But are n't you going to keep it?"

"I showed up all right, but she was n't there."

"That was pretty tough."

"I wouldn't care," said the short bricklayer, "only I went and had my shoes shined all for nothing."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

WIGG.—Is it unlucky to postpone a wedding-day?

WAGG.—Not if you keep on doing it.—*Town Topics.*

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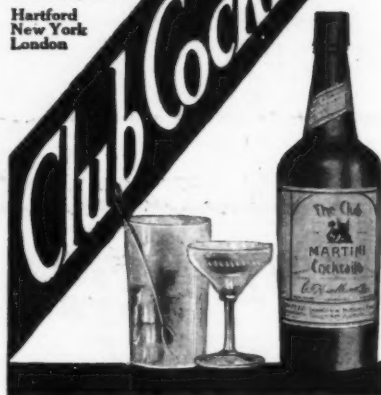
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Martini—Brut (very dry)
Manhattan—Regular
Manhattan—Dry

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"How's your husband this morning, Mrs. Finnigan?"

"Oh, he's very poorly, yer riverence! And it's a mighty expensive disayse he's got. The docther says I've to kape him in good spirits."—*P. I. P.*

"WHAT are your views on the great public problems?"

"I haven't any views on public problems," replied the man whose interests are under investigation. "I'm one of them myself."—*Wash. Star.*

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GLAZIER'S SONG.

Oh, deep is my debt to the Suffragette,
 As she storms the castle keep,
 And smashes the panes of the ancient thanes
 And makes the warders weep.
 The light of the queen's in smithereens,
 The lattice yawning free,
 The totals swell with each oriel—
 And they all mean jobs for me!

—The Sun.

TO KEEP HIM ATTENTIVE.

"Why do you encourage your husband to drink so much coffee?"

"It's the one thing that will keep him awake nights—and that's the only chance I get to tell him what I really think of him!"—*Plain Dealer.*

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Gold Seal
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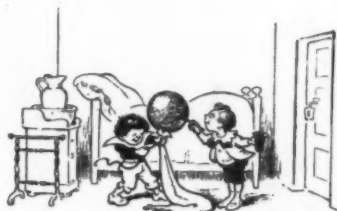
A CONNOISSEUR OF WORKS.

"Perhaps you are familiar with the works of Ingersoll?" smilingly inquired the book-salesman, as he reached under his coat for the sample bindings.

"Sure I am," replied Mr. Goldberg, the jeweler; "undt it's a good vatch for der money!"—*Lippincott's.*

FRITZ.—How do the sausages happen to be so tasty to-day?

FRITZL.—Oh, one of the neighbors gave me a pointer!—*Columbia Jester.*



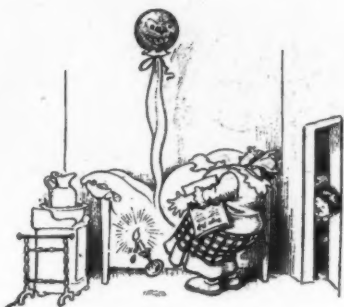
II.



III.



IV.



V.

—Fliegende Blätter.

ÆTNA-IZED?



A Narrow Escape

A few minutes before the man whose office is shown in this picture reached his desk this 200-pound trophy fell from its place on the wall. Had he been seated at his desk his accident insurance policy in the ÆTNA would have meant \$30,000.00 to his estate.

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